A god's rage and a consort's fury

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A god’s rage and a consort’s fury

by Silvaxus

Summary

25. **Monsterfucking** / Shower Sex / Latex

Will knew that people would do stupid things out of fear but stealing one of their hatchlings would cost them greatly…

Notes

My Beta for this fic is my friend and sister in trouble Imoshen

See the end of the work for more notes

Calmly but with barely hidden fury, Will directed the stag Hannibal had gifted to him as a mount in the direction of his former village. The stag's huge antlers, so much like Hannibal's, reached high and touched the low hanging branches of the trees on both sides of the road.

The animal felt his rider's fury just like it felt Hannibal's rage which shook the forest and the earth.

Since the day the people of the village wanted to sacrifice Will to the God of the Night and Whispered Deaths, Hannibal hadn't accepted any more sacrifices from them. Hannibal was a god and didn't have to justify himself or his reasons to decline the offerings but Will knew that it would lead to fear in the hearts of weak men.

However, even Will hadn't expected such an act of cowardice; they had stolen one of their eggs.

They had walked into their lair when they had been absent and carried the egg back into the village. What they hoped to gain from this theft, Will didn't know, but it had taken hours, time they didn't have, to get Hannibal to calm down again.

The hatchling inside the egg was one of the weakest and relied more on the mixed magics of Hannibal and Will and being away from the lair put the hatchling at risk. A raging god wiping the village off the map put the hatchling even more at risk.

Will had convinced Hannibal that he would go to the village and bring their hatchling back. They couldn't be sure that the people would shy away from hurting Will but it was a risk worth taking when Will could bring the egg back to their lair. Whatever Hannibal decided afterwards about the people's fate didn't concern Will.

The stag shook his head crowned with his majestic antlers and Will petted the stag's black fur.

The village came into view shortly afterwards and when the people working on the field alongside the road spotted Will riding on a stag in the direction of the village they started to run.

"Good," Will thought with a sly smile on his face.

Stopping at the vast market place in the middle of the village, Will dismounted his stag and pulled his long travel coat back, revealing the necklace made of human bones and pieces from Hannibal's antlers.

The people gasped loudly, shocked faces all over the place while Will let his gaze wander over the gathering crowd, waiting.

They seemed to know why he was here, fear obvious when they looked at him and saw the markings of a god on him and the shine of his magic visible in the sunlight.

“You know why I am here. You’ve stolen something from me and the god you’ve sworn to worship. He is a generous god and yet you refuse to give him what he asks for and you choose to defy him in taking what is his while he asks for nothing more than your loyalty. He even stopped asking for sacrifices in flesh and blood after you left me in his temple. You’ve chosen...poorly.”

The people looked at each other and Will knew that this wasn’t going to end well. Fear was about to turn into anger and anger would lead them to harsh and stupid decisions.

“The forest is turning against us since you joined the god in his temple...but you are no god!”

Someone was shouting from the back lines of the masses and while Will knew who did it, he didn’t turn around to call the culprit out for his cowardice.

“Yes, you are no god! We are no longer safe from the woods and its beasts because you are distracting the god from protecting us!”

Another angry voice yelled and Will sighed heavily. It was the blind trust of others in the gods that made Will question everything. Even gods can be killed, that he knew all too well.

“The God of the Night and Whispered Deaths promised this village his protection for your freedom and your sacrifices. You are still free and protected and yet you refuse to give him his tribute of the harvest. How can you expect his protection when you don’t give him what he deserves?”

The crowd had grown since Will arrived and the masses and the stag started to become agitated by their angry energy.

“He deserves nothing when he decides to refuse the sacrifice we gave him. What we took, we did to protect us from him and we won’t return it!”

Shaking his head, Will climbed back on the stag’s back and overlooked the crowd. He could feel the hatchling’s pulsating magic, weak and crying out to him, and while Will could slaughter them all and take the hatchling back home...the choice to decide what should happen to the people of the village wasn’t his.

Will led the stag out of the village and the loyal animal carried Will back to Hannibal’s lair.

Deep in their lair, curled around the eggs, Hannibal was waiting for him with red glowing eyes and their home smelled of Hannibal’s venom.

Standing in front of the god, Will placed his hand on the scales covering Hannibal’s face.

“They declined to give us our hatchling back. They told me they took the hatchling to protect themselves from the woods and from you because you refused me as your sacrifice.”

Hannibal hissed and growled, his long lean body coiling protectively around the remaining

eggs.

“They’ve chosen...poorly…”

Hannibal’s powerful voice echoed in Will’s mind who was smiling at the god’s words.

Watching Hannibal uncoil his body from around the eggs, Will stepped aside and watched Hannibal slither out of their lair.

The people of the village had indeed chosen poorly.

…

The scratching sound of scales over stone announced Hannibal’s return.

Looking up from what he was doing, Will watched Hannibal come closer and relief flooded his body and mind when Hannibal opened his mouth and his long forked tongue placed the stolen egg carefully in his lap.

The hatching was moving in its shell, reacting to the return to the nest and the magic flooding the lair all the time.

Will felt his magic pulled from his body when he laid his hands on the egg and Will allowed the hatching to take as much as he needed.

Getting up with the egg cradled in his arms, Will placed it back into the nest and between the other eggs before he turned around to look at Hannibal.

The god’s dark scaled face was covered in dried blood and it darkened the scales even more. Red eyes bore down on Will with fire and hunger.

“Did they pay for the theft and for daring to set a foot into our lair?”

Hannibal hissed and shook his head, his antlers scratched over the ceiling and Will saw that the crown made of bones looked different. Bones had been added to it.

“Yes, they screamed in fear when they saw me and tried to run. I spared those kneeling in the dirt in front of me, begging for their lives, and devoured those who defiled my temple and lair. Either they learned their lesson or I will destroy the last of them when they fail to gain my favor with the next sacrifice.”

Will smiled at the god and when he placed his hand on the scales around Hannibal’s mouth, dried blood flaked off.

“Good, I hated to see one of the eggs missing.”

The growl coming from the god shook their lair and Will felt the tip of Hannibal’s tail wrap around his ankle only to climb higher along Will’s leg.

“I want you, my mongoose…”

Hannibal’s voice echoed in Will’s mind and Will smiled. When Hannibal opened his mouth and revealed rows and rows of sharp fangs, gleaming white against the darkness of his scales, it would scare others away but not Will.

Stripping out of his simple tunic, Will didn’t resist or struggle when the god’s long body coiled around him until Hannibal was everything Will could see.

The tail wrapped around Will’s leg snaked it’s way up until Will’s leg, belly and chest were wrapped in Hannibal’s body. The tip of the tail ended up wrapped around Will’s neck and rested in the hollow of his throat.

Will felt light and weightless when Hannibal lifted him up and placed him on the long line of his body. The scales on Hannibal’s belly were larger than on his back, warmer and softer, and Will shivered when the god’s huge head hovered over him.

Hannibal stared down at Will, who couldn’t keep a moan to himself when Hannibal’s tongue came out past his seamless lips.

Spreading his legs when Hannibal’s tightened his grip around Will’s body, the god pushed his tongue between Will’s legs, dripping wet with venom.

The second the venom covered tongue touched Will’s hole, Will hissed and his back bowed off Hannibal’s body but the burn of the venom offered more pleasure than pain. His body had gotten used to the venom and the magic from Hannibal because the god enjoyed having Will split open and at his mercy.

When Hannibal finally pushed in, Will felt his hold on his magic slip away, saturating the air around them.

The god growled, satisfied with the immediate reaction from his mongoose and so he started to thrust slowly, reaching deep into Will’s body and preparing him for the moment when Hannibal would impale him on his cock.

Reaching out to Hannibal when a wave of pleasure turned his vision white, Will felt more of the slick venom mix with his blood. His body was all lose and filled with Hannibal’s desire in his mind and venom in his blood. Soon Will would be filled with Hannibal’s release as well but Will knew that there wouldn’t be any more eggs, not until the next harvest.

When the tongue pulled back, Will felt empty and open. His cries of distress echoed in the lair and with the grip Hannibal still had on him, Will found himself turned around and bent over Hannibal’s long body.

The sound of scales scratching against each other...before Hannibal’s cock nudged against Will’s hole.

A teasing touch, a shallow thrust that stretched Will's rim, just a bit, and Will whimpered while he lowered his head against Hannibal's warm body.

"Please, Hannibal...take me."

The feeling of Hannibal's amusement and satisfaction were like a vice around Will's mind and magic burst from Will's body when Hannibal buried his cock deep in Will.

No sound came past Will's lips when Hannibal impaled him on his cock. The end of Hannibal's tail, still wrapped around Will's neck, tightened and cut off his breath for precious seconds and took the ability to scream from Will .

Hannibal engulfed WIll completely and the snake's crowned head came into Will's view.

Venom dripped down Hannibal's fangs while he watched Will claw at the god's scales.

Whenever Will wanted to make a sound, Hannibal tightened his grip and cut the sound off with a smile full of fangs. Only when Will's body tensed in pleasure, Hannibal allowed Will to make as much noise as he wanted.

The sounds of Will's pleasure were like the prayers from his most devoted acolyte and the pleasure caused by it was enough for the god to find his own completion.

There was no way for Will to describe what he felt like when his god reached his orgasm in his body. There was pain and pleasure, a sense of fullness and yet not enough.

Will could feel how pleased the god was when he whimpered when Hannibal tried to pull out.

The god's long body became a protective wall of strength and scales around Will and their nest and surrounded by the god's magic, Will fell asleep.

He reached out for the eggs in his sleep.

End Notes

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